

"The Death Of Neoliberalism" lyrics

Lowkey Lyrics

"The Death Of Neoliberalism"

(feat. Greg Blackman)

Freedom!
Your public service died, death to World Bank and IMF; is it
Freedom?
The kleptocracy orchestrated, subjugate the corporate state that isn't
Freedom!
Theresa's a terrorist, we could be standing at the precipice of
Freedom!

Pontificate, Philosophise
Cross the T's, dot the I's
I heard em' say the revolution won't be monetized
But it could be wrapped up, packaged and comodified
In this poisonous equation, I wonder what am I?
Tax dodging tabloids, profit from these horrid lies
Peddle patriotism but economically colonise
Sycophants, grippin' flags, tell you that they're on your side
Sell off your services abroad, who do they prioritise?
Robin Hood in reverse, these robberies aren't secrets
Bonuses for bankers and backhanders for arms dealers
Can't cage the alternative that now exists
With the skill of an alchemist, turn pain into empowerment
Inspired to be alive, in this powerful moment
No more will these cowards sell us out to their donors
We rose, like a giant awoken out of this coma
Confront the culture of power with the power of culture!
We sing!

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History favours the trail blazers
The taste for change is contagious
It's not strange these faceless takers are afraid of raising wages
When the same major papers say that we should hate our neighbours
Then when the rage cascades
These sadists claim that their blameless
What is clear, some don't even pay taxes on their profits here
Wrote against the interests of Murdoch and Rothermere
Not conspiracy theory, conspiracy actuality
Until now politics, merely a practicality
They deify celebrity

What happens when no celebrities turn and you say it [?] no necessity
I don't condemn the deified but mourn those whose brilliant as them who died
Potential unrealised
Atomisation had us
Distant and deafened
Now we're interconnected, independent but interdependant
We rose, like a giant awoken out of a coma
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